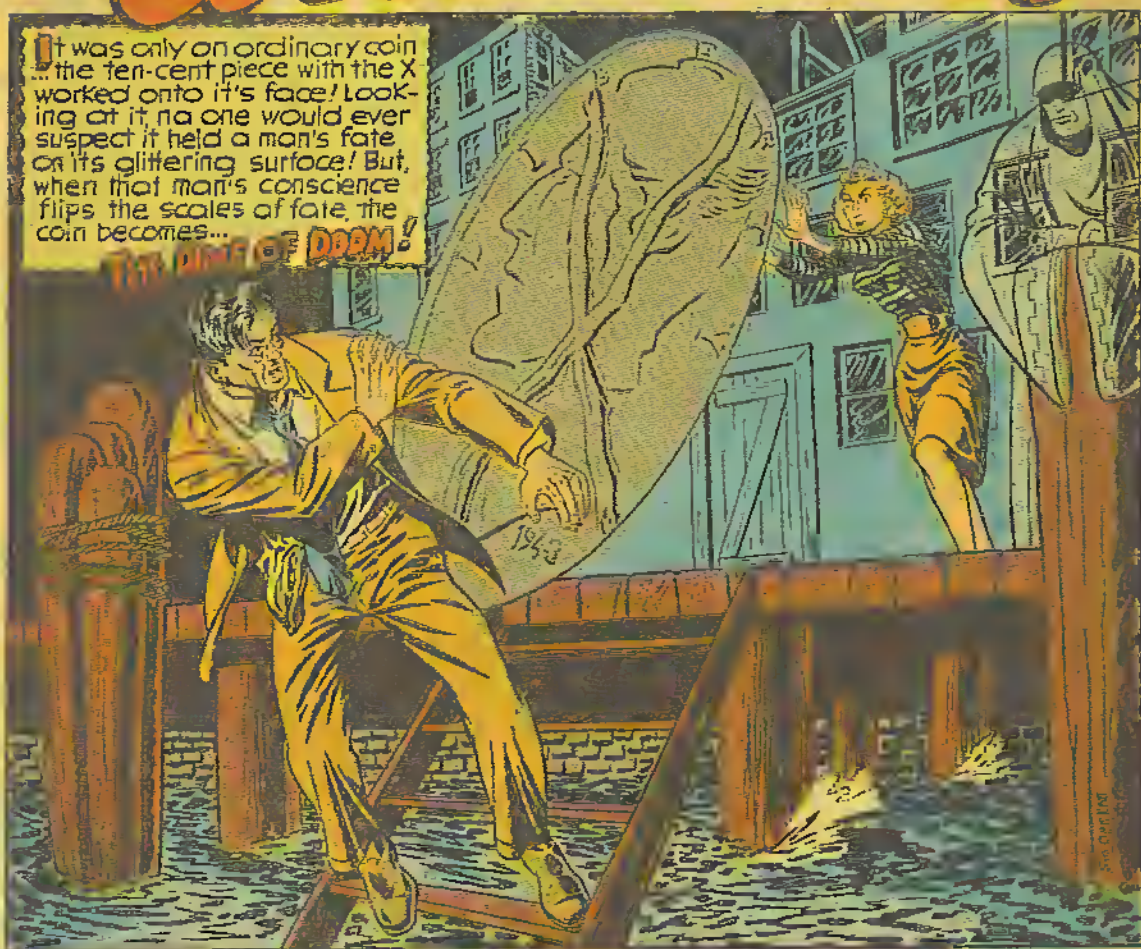


# The Unknown

It was only an ordinary coin... the ten-cent piece with the X worked onto it's face! Looking at it, no one would ever suspect it held a man's fate on it's glittering surface! But, when that man's conscience flips the scales of fate, the coin becomes...

**THE KING OF DOOM!**

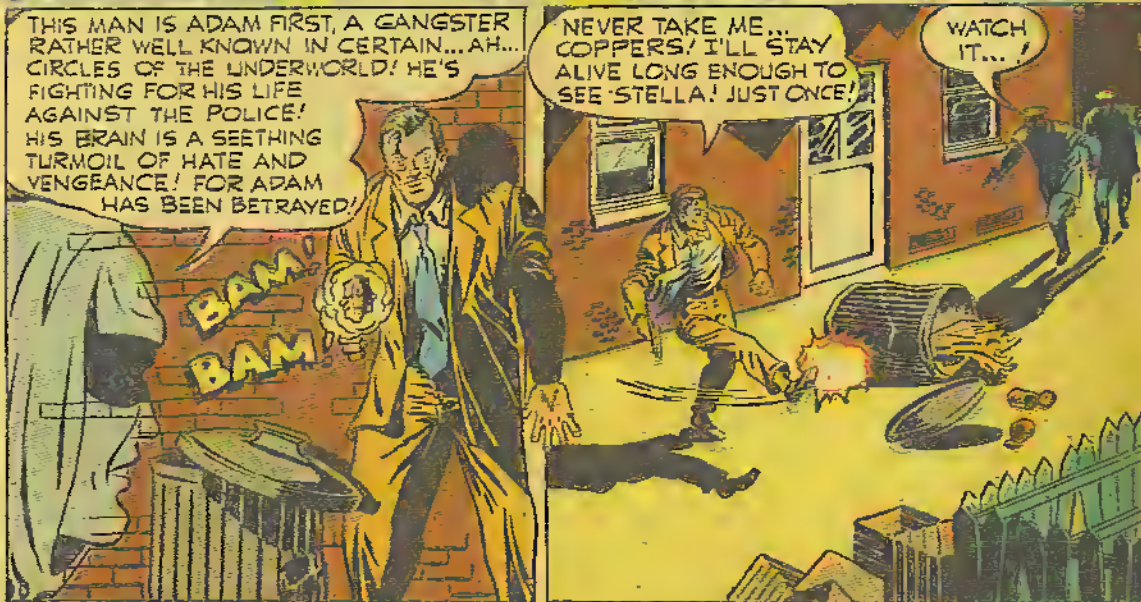


THIS MAN IS ADAM FIRST, A GANGSTER RATHER WELL KNOWN IN CERTAIN... AH... CIRCLES OF THE UNDERWORLD! HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE AGAINST THE POLICE! HIS BRAIN IS A SEETHING TURMOIL OF HATE AND VENGEANCE! FOR ADAM HAS BEEN BETRAYED!

**BAM!**  
**BAM!**

NEVER TAKE ME... COPPERS! I'LL STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE STELLA! JUST ONCE!

WATCH IT...!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



STELLA DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! A DAME ONLY DOES THAT *ONCE* TO ME! I'M COMING FOR YOU, STELLA!



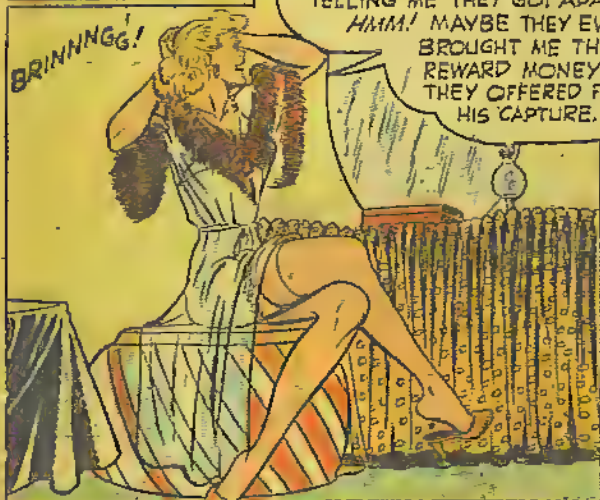
ADAM THINKS HE'S SAFE! HE DOESN'T HEAR ANYONE COMING AFTER HIM! HIS HEART IS BEATING FAST, BUT THAT'S NOT FROM FEAR! IT'S THE RAGE BOILING INSIDE HIM!

SAFE ENOUGH TO GO OUT NOW! SAFE ENOUGH TO PAY STELLA A VISIT...



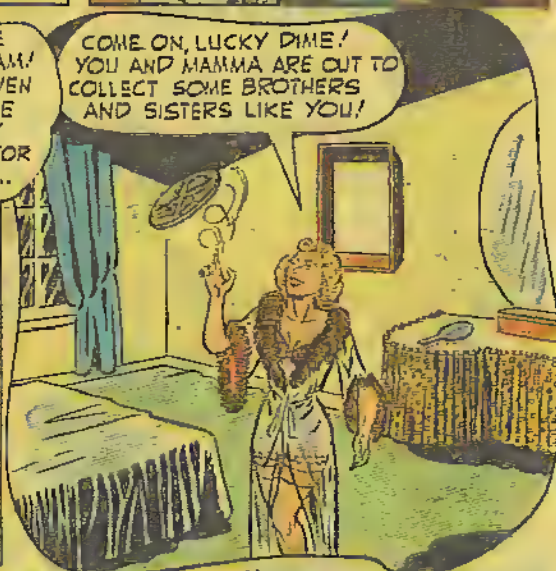
**A** LITTLE LATER...

MAYBE THAT'S THE POLICE TELLING ME THEY GOT ADAM! HMM! MAYBE THEY EVEN BROUGHT ME THE REWARD MONEY THEY OFFERED FOR HIS CAPTURE...



BRINNGG!

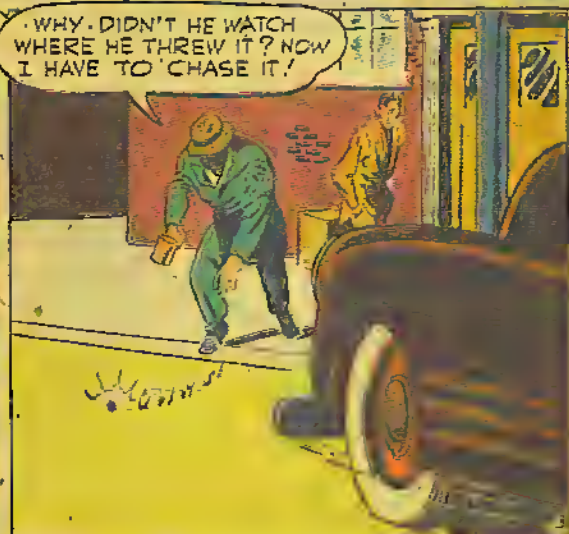
COME ON, LUCKY DIME! YOU AND MAMMA ARE OUT TO COLLECT SOME BROTHERS AND SISTERS LIKE YOU!



YOU! ADAM! I-WAIT/LISTEN TO ME...!







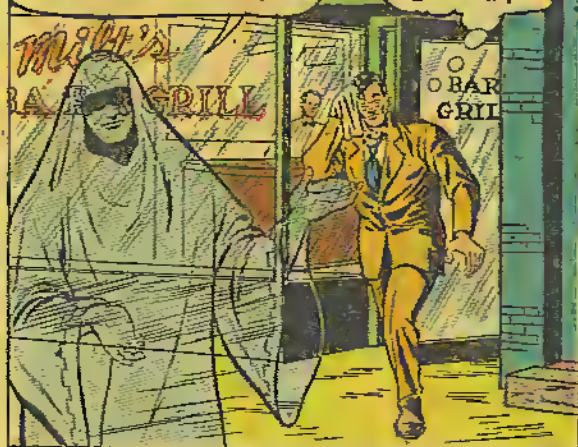






THAT'S NERVOUS SWEAT ON ADAM FIRST'S BROW! HE'S BECOMING ALARMED! SO FAR HE HASN'T HAD MUCH LUCK GETTING RID OF THAT DIME...

MAYBE HER CURSE IS STILL ON IT! MAYBE I'LL... NEVER GET RID OF IT...!



HEY, MISTER! YOU DROPPED A DIME!

NOT ME, SISTER! YOU MADE A MISTAKE! KEEP IT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!



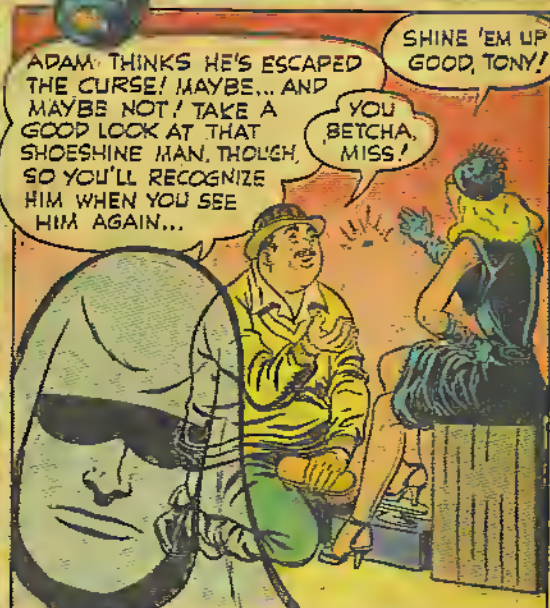
BAH! I'M JUST GIVING MYSELF FITS THINKING ABOUT IT! I'LL THROW IT AWAY...!



ADAM THINKS HE'S ESCAPED THE CURSE! MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT SHOESHINE MAN, THOUGH, SO YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM WHEN YOU SEE HIM AGAIN...

SHINE 'EM UP GOOD, TONY!

YOU BETCHA, MISS!



THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN HIS ROOM...

I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN! BUT I'LL NEED A LITTLE STAKE! STELLA TOOK PLENTY TO KEEP HER HAPPY! I'M BROKE!



ADAM KNOWS ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE MONEY... WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND. HE'S LOOKING FOR A VICTIM NOW! A WELL-DRESSED VICTIM... LOTS OF MONEY... PERHAPS EVEN—MORE THAN ONE VICTIM!

IT'S GETTIN' LATE! NOT MUCH CHANCE OF FINDIN' A STRAGGLER NOW!









YEAH, FIVE  
BUCKS...  
**THAT  
DIME!**

HIS WORDS CATCH IN HIS  
THROAT AS ADAM EXTENDS A  
HAND TOWARDS THE LITTLE  
PILE OF COINS! HE SEES A  
DIME... WITH A CURIOUS  
SCRATCH ON IT!

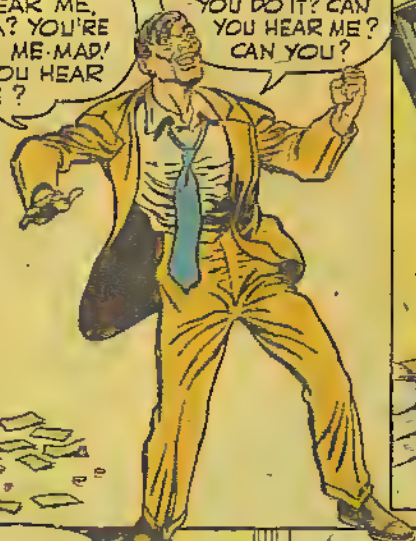


GET AWAY! IT CAN'T BE!  
STELLA... MAYBE SHE'S HERE...  
IN THE ROOM... MAYBE SHE PUT  
THE DIME THERE... **AAAGGH!**



HA! HA! HA! CAN  
YOU HEAR ME,  
STELLA? YOU'RE  
DRIVING ME MAD!  
MAD, YOU HEAR  
ME?

HA! HA! HOW DID  
YOU DO IT? CAN  
YOU HEAR ME?  
CAN YOU?



YOU'RE DEAD, STELLA! THERE  
AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS!  
GO BACK TO THE GRAVE, STELLA!  
LEMMIE ALONE! GO AWAY...  
GO AWAY... TAKE THE  
DIME WITH YOU...!

**BAM!**



TAKE IT  
EASY, BUD! YER  
WAKIN' FOLKS UP!  
**PIPE DOWN!**

PIPE DOWN? YEAH... I'LL  
PIPE DOWN! C'MERE, DIME!  
NICE LI'L DIME... GOIN'  
I TAKE A WALK WITH  
YOU... C'MERE!



I KNOW HOW TO GET  
RID OF THIS DIME! WHY  
DIDN'T I THINK OF IT  
SOONER?







CATCH THE  
BANKROLL  
SLIM.

IT'S LIKE HE  
WANTS US  
TO TAKE HIS  
DOUGH, SPIKE.

SOME TIME LATER, TOWARD  
THE EARLY HOURS OF  
THE MORNING...

THEY'VE TAKEN THE  
BAIT! I'LL SLOW DOWN...  
LET 'EM CATCH UP TO ME!



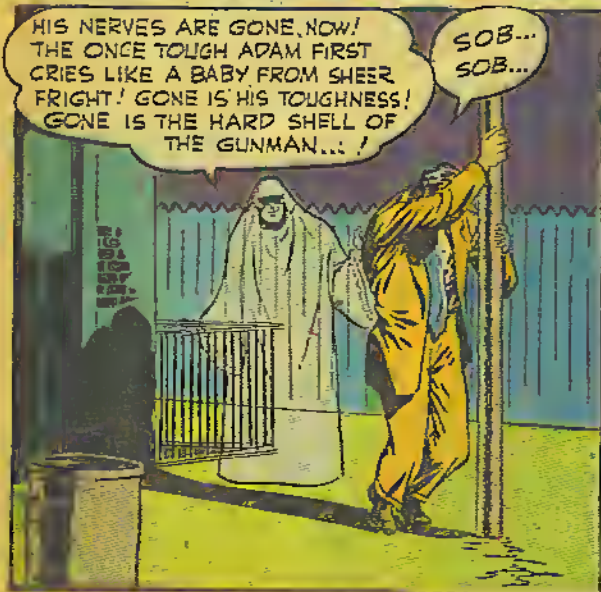
EASY DOES  
IT, BUD!

DON'T WORRY!  
I WON'T FIGHT!



FOR CARFARE,  
BUSTER!

THE-THE DIME! YOU-  
YOU'RE GIVING IT  
BACK TO ME!



HIS NERVES ARE GONE NOW!  
THE ONCE TOUGH ADAM FIRST  
CRIES LIKE A BABY FROM SHEER  
FRIGHT! GONE IS HIS TOUGHNESS!  
GONE IS THE HARD SHELL OF  
THE GUNMAN...!

SOB...  
SOB...



BUY CUPPA COFFEE WITH  
IT! COUNTERMAN WILL HAVE  
TO KEEP IT! WON'T ROB ANY-  
BODY AGAIN...WE'LL KEEP  
IT...WON'T GIVE IT BACK  
TO ME!



ADAM FIRST TREMBLES AS HE REACHES FOR THE COFFEE! HIS HANDS QUIVER SO THAT HE CAN HARDLY CONTROL THEM!



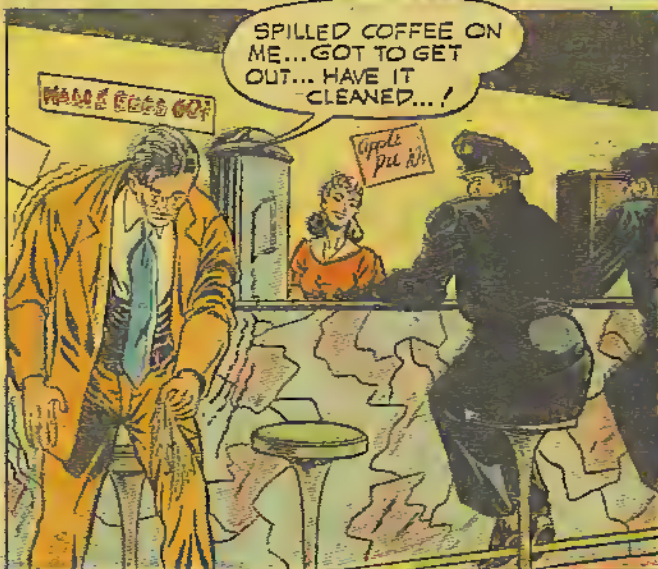
STELLA MAYFAIR'S HER NAME... SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

I'D GIVE A HUNDRED BUCKS TO GRAB THE KILLER!

ULP! HUH??



SPILLED COFFEE ON ME... GOT TO GET OUT... HAVE IT CLEANED...!



BOY... WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! WHEW! THOSE COPPERS... LOOKING FOR ME... AND I GOT AWAY!



ADAM WAS SO NERVOUS. HE ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE TWO POLICEMEN AS HE RUSHED FROM THE DINER...

THAT GUY SURE HAS THE SHAKES!

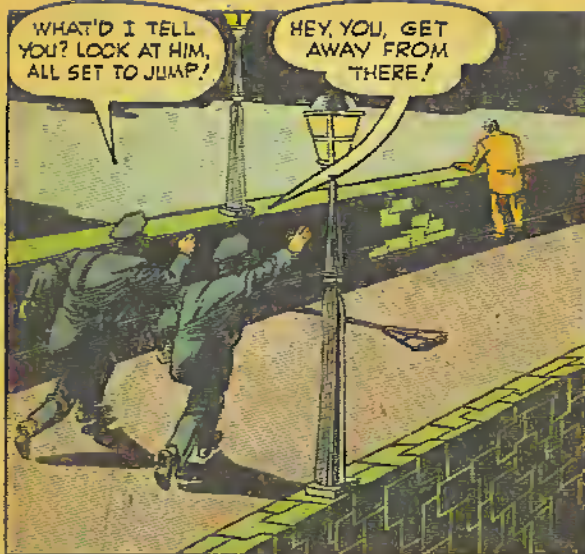
BETTER TRAIL HIM, JIM! SOME OF THOSE NERVOUS BOYS JUMP IN RIVERS TO END IT ALL!



I'LL DROP THE COIN HERE... IT'LL SINK IN THE RIVER... BE LOST FOREVER!









# BERT SUE

And

There were no vacancies in the little hotel where Bert and Sue sought shelter... no vacancies because a corpse occupied one room! A cadaver without a face... and fingerprints! A body without a name—that screamed aloud to the two amateur sleuths to solve the riddle of...

The **MAN NOBODY KNEW!**



AT THE HOTEL HARMONY, TEN MINUTES PAST SEVEN... A WARM SPRING EVENING...

I'M AFRAID WE DON'T HAVE AN EMPTY IN THE HOUSE, SIR!

WHY THAT'S ALL RIGHT! SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU...

HMMM...

SORRY, SIR!

GOODBYE... AND THANK YOU!

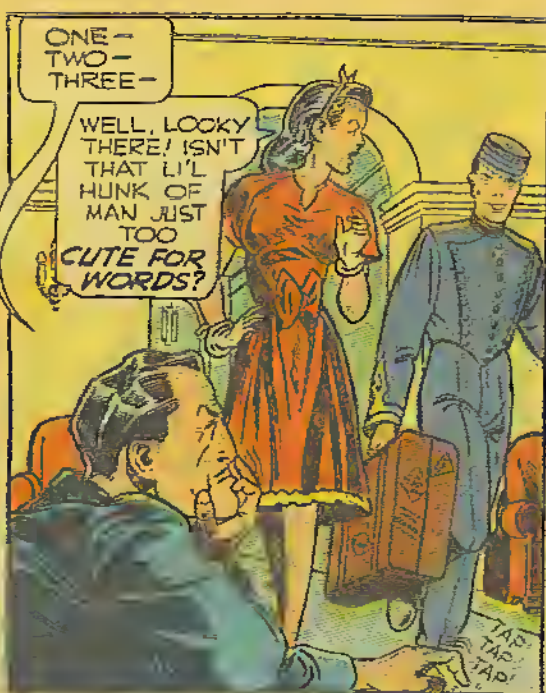






HEY!

ENJOY YOUR TRIP, DARLING?



ONE—  
TWO—  
THREE—

WELL, LOOKY THERE! ISN'T THAT LI'L HUNK OF MAN JUST TOO CUTE FOR WORDS?

TAP TAP TAP!



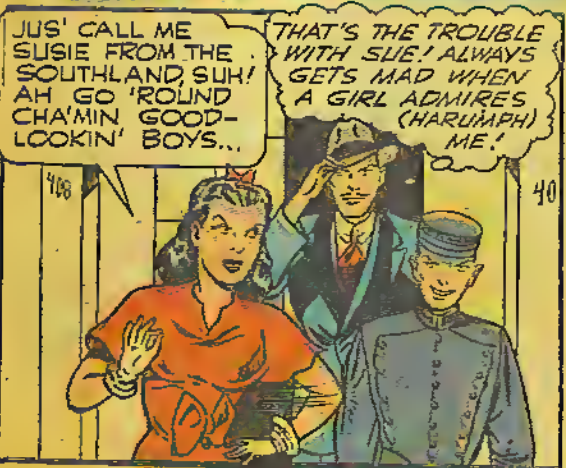
CUT THE COMEDY! YOU AREN'T A BIT FUNNY!



PARDON ME, SIR! WORD JUST CAME DOWN! THE PAINTERS ARE THROUGH IN ROOM 411! YOU CAN HAVE THAT ROOM... *FRONT!*

THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU!

PRIVATE



JUS' CALL ME SUSIE FROM THE SOUTHLAND, SUH! AH GO 'ROUND CHA'MIN GOOD-LOOKIN' BOYS...

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SUE! ALWAYS GETS MAD WHEN A GIRL ADMIRES (HARUMPH) ME!

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AAAAAGHHH!

YOU'D THINK SHE'D KNOW THAT A— HUH?





POOR DEVIL!  
(WHEW!)  
SOMEBODY  
SURE HATED  
HIM...

-OH! OH!

OHHH...



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER,  
SON. YOU GO GET  
A GLASS OF WATER  
OR SOMETHING!  
GET LOST, WILL  
YOU?

YE-YESSIR!



THAT  
REVOLVER...

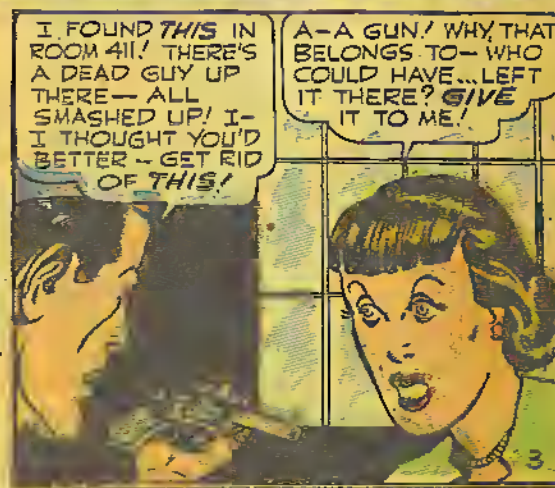


THEY AREN'T LOOKING...  
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO  
STASH THIS GUN!



GERTA... I  
HAVE TO SEE  
YOU...  
ALONE!

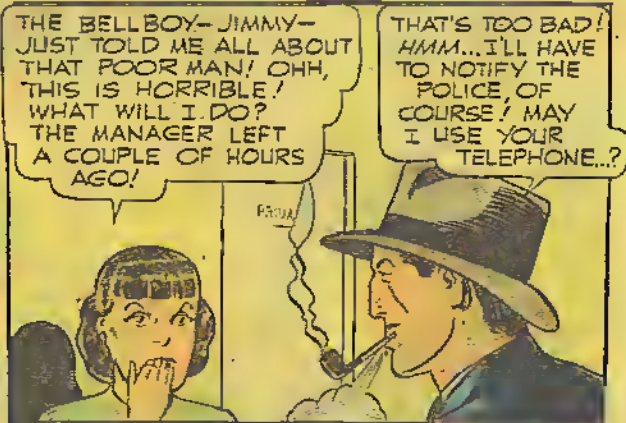
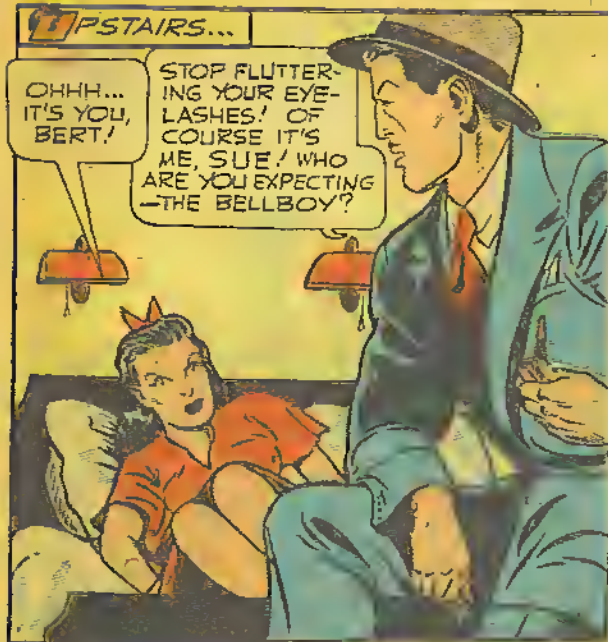
OHH-BILL!....  
ALL RIGHT.  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?



I FOUND **THIS** IN  
ROOM 411! THERE'S  
A DEAD GUY UP  
THERE - ALL  
SMASHED UP! I -  
I THOUGHT YOU'D  
BETTER - GET RID  
OF **THIS**!

A-A GUN! WHY THAT  
BELONGS TO - WHO  
COULD HAVE... LEFT  
IT THERE? **GIVE**  
IT TO ME!







A-WHAT? DEAD MAN! HOW IN THE WORLD—? I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

HMMM...!

HIS HEAD WAS SMASHED IN, AND HIS FINGERTIPS BURNED WITH ACID! A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT— TO HIDE HIS IDENTITY!

EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS! WE'LL CHECK THE HOTEL REGISTER BOOK!



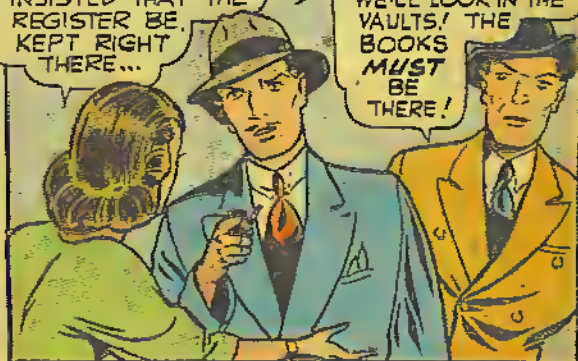
GULP! THE-THE REGISTER IS GONE! AND SOME OTHER PAPERS... SOMEONE MUST'VE **ROBBED** US, MR. CARNEY!

NONSENSE! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE HOTEL VAULT! MAYBE MR. BRENNER, THE MANAGER, PUT THEM AWAY FOR SAFEKEEPING!

BUT MY UNCLE, FRANK BRENNER, IS THE HOTEL MANAGER. HE WOULDN'T DO THAT! HE ALWAYS INSISTED THAT THE REGISTER BE KEPT RIGHT THERE...

OH? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BRENNER'S NIECE!

WE'LL LOOK IN THE VAULTS! THE BOOKS **MUST** BE THERE!



THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE! BEFORE UNCLE FRANK LEFT, HE QUARRELED WITH DICK! MAYBE ...MAYBE HE STOLE THOSE PAPERS HIMSELF AND—OH, BUT THAT'S TOO **TERRIBLE** TO THINK ABOUT!



IN THE MEANTIME...



HMM... NO LAUNDRY MARKS ON THE SHIRT... NO IDENTIFYING LABELS ON THIS COAT! WHO IS THIS CHARACTER, ANYHOW?

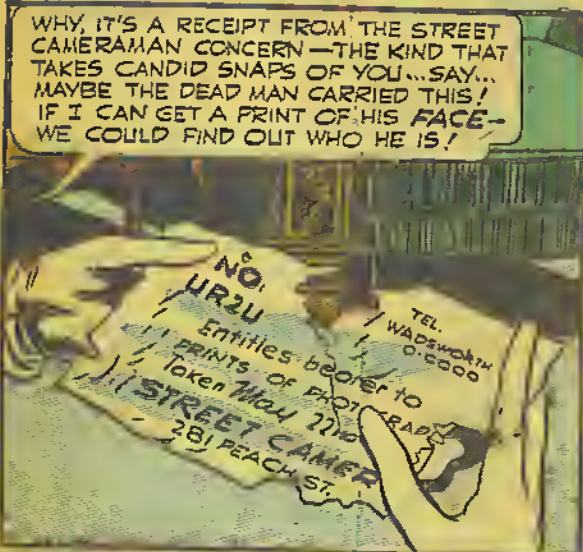




WHEW! THE PAINT SMELL IN  
HERE IS AWFUL! GOT TO  
HAVE SOME FRESH  
AIR! I'LL OPEN  
THE WINDOW...  
IT'S STUCK!



OOOH! NO WONDER!  
PAPERS WADDLED UP  
AND HIDDEN HERE!  
TORN BITS OF  
PAPER! WONDER  
IF THEY FIT  
TOGETHER...?



WHY, IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET  
CAMERAMAN CONCERN—THE KIND THAT  
TAKES CANDID SNAPS OF YOU... SAY...  
MAYBE THE DEAD MAN CARRIED THIS!  
IF I CAN GET A PRINT OF HIS FACE—  
WE COULD FIND OUT WHO HE IS!



BERT WON'T MISS  
ME! MATTER OF  
FACT, I'LL PROBABLY  
BE BACK BEFORE  
HE GETS THAT  
GLASS OF WATER!

AT THE STREET CAMERAMAN COMPANY...



OH, YES! I'LL HAVE  
THE PRINTS FOR  
YOU IN JUST A  
MINUTE!



OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
I NEVER  
THOUGHT—  
I WAIT UNTIL I  
SHOW THESE  
TO BERT!



**MEANWHILE... AT THE HOTEL...**

WE'LL CHECK  
IN HERE  
FIRST  
AND THEN...

HEY! LOOKS AS IF  
A **CYCLONE**  
STRUCK HERE!  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS, WILL YOU!



THE REGISTRY BOOK IS GONE!  
WOW! LOOK AT THIS FILE!  
ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND  
DOLLARS' WORTH OF BONDS  
AND MONEY HAS BEEN  
STOLEN! IT BELONGED  
TO EDGAR MACKLIN, ONE  
OF OUR GUESTS!



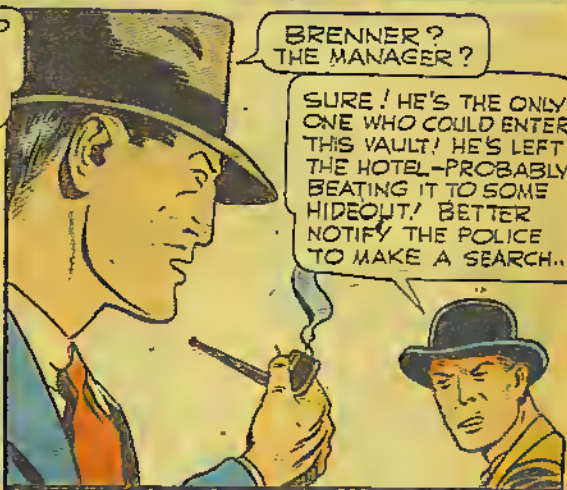
HMMM... COULD BE  
THIS GUEST DISCOVERED  
SOMEONE RIFLING THE  
VAULT, RAISED MERRY  
NED ABOUT IT... AND...

SURE! AND  
TO COVER  
HIMSELF,  
BRENNER  
KILLED  
HIM!



BRENNER?  
THE MANAGER?

SURE! HE'S THE ONLY  
ONE WHO COULD ENTER  
THIS VAULT! HE'S LEFT  
THE HOTEL—PROBABLY  
BEATING IT TO SOME  
HIDEOUT! BETTER  
NOTIFY THE POLICE  
TO MAKE A SEARCH...



THE POLICE  
ARE HERE IN  
RESPONSE  
TO YOUR  
PHONE CALL!

THANKS, GERTA!  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH THEM!



FRANK BRENNER!  
THAT'S HIS NAME!  
STOCKY MAN,  
SLIGHTLY BALD!  
WEARS EXPENSIVE  
CLOTHES.

WE'LL PUT THROUGH  
A "CHECK CALL"  
ON HIM WITH ALL  
BUS, TRAIN AND  
AIRPLANE TER-  
MINALS! WE'LL  
GET HIM, ALL  
RIGHT!



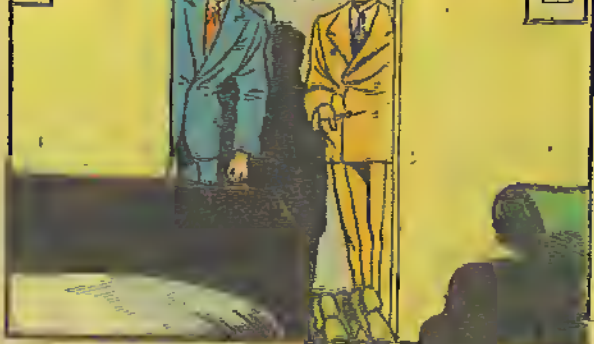


PERHAPS YOU CAN  
LEARN MORE THAN  
SUE AND I DID!  
YOU MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO LOCATE  
SOME CLUES IN  
THE ROOM ITSELF!

WE (GASP) BROUGHT  
ALONG OUR CAMERA-  
MAN! THEY'LL TAKE  
PICTURES!

SUE, HONEY...  
I'M BACK.  
**SUE!**

DON'T TELL ME  
ANYTHING'S HAPPENED  
TO HER?



THIS MAY BE  
MACKLIN! DON'T  
RECOGNIZE THE  
CLOTHES,  
THOUGH!

THE HOMICIDE BUREAU  
WILL FIND OUT WHO  
HE IS! WATCH IT,  
MISTER!

ISN'T LIKE SUE TO RUN OFF  
WITHOUT LEAVING ME **SOME**  
WORD! BETTER TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND THE HOTEL!

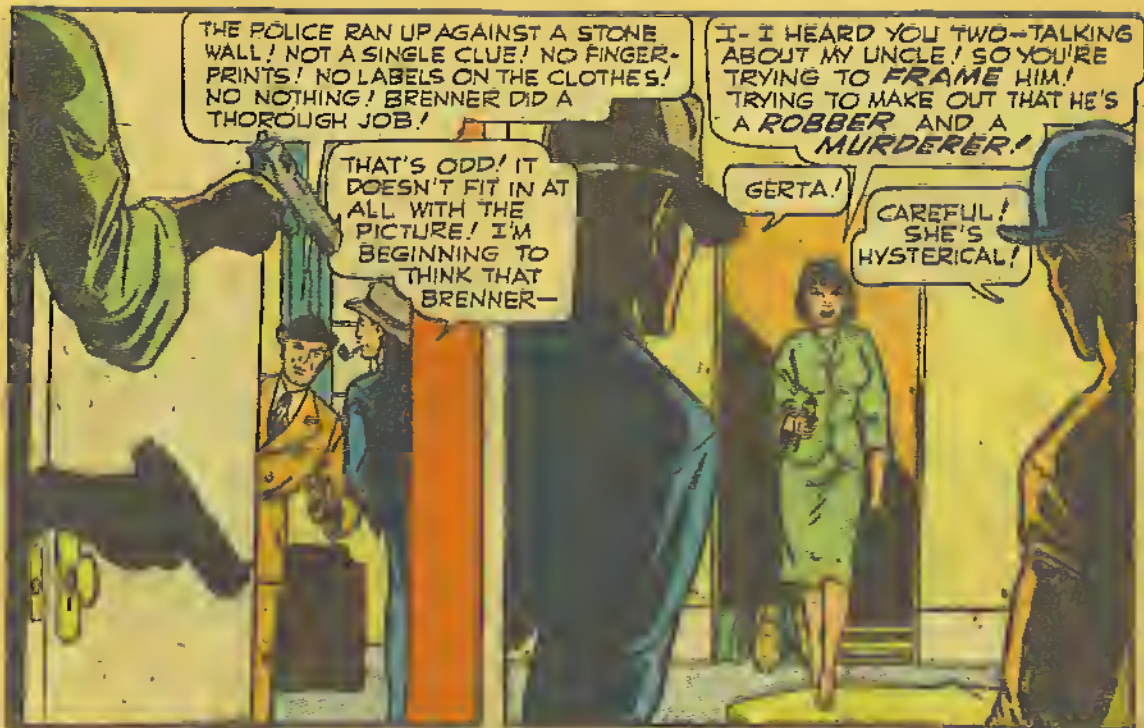


SHE SIMPLY  
DISAPPEARED!  
I'LL WAIT AN HOUR—  
AND KEEP MY FINGERS  
CROSSED!

BETTER CHECK WITH  
CARNEY AND SEE WHAT  
THE POLICE HAVE DIS-  
COVERED ABOUT THAT  
MURDERED MAN—IF  
ANYTHING!







THE POLICE RAN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL! NOT A SINGLE CLUE! NO FINGER-PRINTS! NO LABELS ON THE CLOTHES! NO NOTHING! BRENNER DID A THOROUGH JOB!

I- I HEARD YOU TWO--TALKING ABOUT MY UNCLE! SO YOU'RE TRYING TO **FRAME** HIM! TRYING TO MAKE OUT THAT HE'S A **ROBBER** AND A **MURDERER**!

THAT'S ODD! IT DOESN'T FIT IN AT ALL WITH THE PICTURE! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT BRENNER—

GERTA!

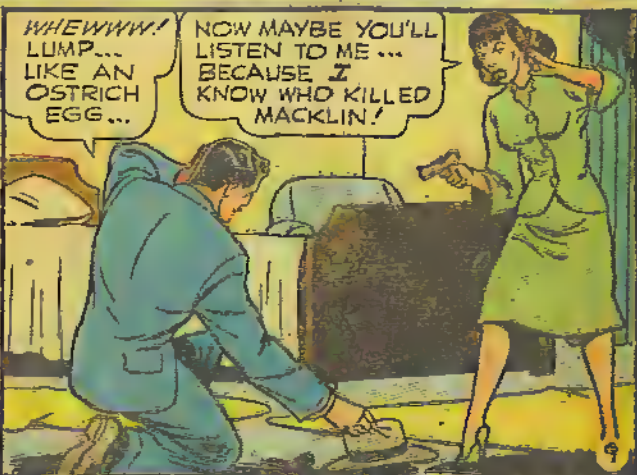
CAREFUL! SHE'S HYSTERICAL!



HYSTERICAL? YOU BET! I'M HYSTERICAL! WHO WOULDN'T BE—AFTER HEARING THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN SAYING? MY UNCLE IS INNOCENT! **INNOCENT!** JUST BECAUSE HE WENT AWAY ON BUSINESS...

GOT TO GET THAT GUN... BEFORE YOU HURT SOMEONE...

I WARNED YOU—



WHEWWW! LUMP... LIKE AN OSTRICH EGG...

NOW MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME... BECAUSE I KNOW WHO KILLED MACKLIN!



**M**EANWHILE, THE POLICE THROW A DRAGNET ACROSS THE ENTIRE CITY...



JIM, I JUST HEARD THAT RADIO BROADCAST FLASH ABOUT A FRANK BRENNER. A MAN BY THAT NAME SIGNED IN FOR A FLIGHT TO CHICAGO AT 3:23!



THAT MUST BE HIM, ALL RIGHT! GIVES HIS ADDRESS AS THE HOTEL HARMONY!

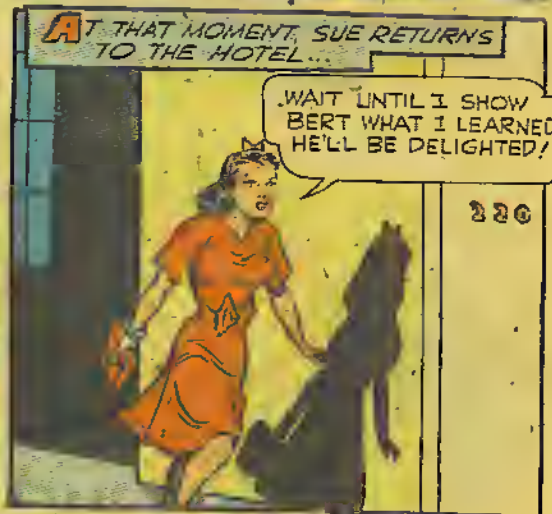
TAKE ONE



**A**T THAT MOMENT, SUE RETURNS TO THE HOTEL...

WAIT UNTIL I SHOW BERT WHAT I LEARNED! HE'LL BE DELIGHTED!

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OH, MY GOODNESS!



IT ISN'T ENOUGH YOU FLIRT WITH MY HUSBAND! NOW YOU AIM GUNS AT HIM!

OHHHHHHN!

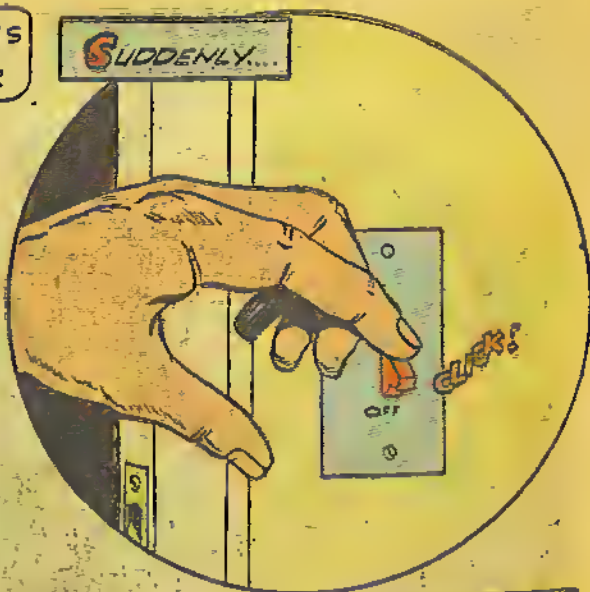




I'LL MAKE YOU  
PAY FOR ALL  
THIS TROUBLE,  
YOUNG LADY!

I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES  
OUT! THIS IS ALL YOUR  
FAULT... YOU AND YOUR  
HUSBAND...!

**S**UDDENLY...



HEY! LET  
ME UP! YOU  
GOT THE  
WRONG GUY!

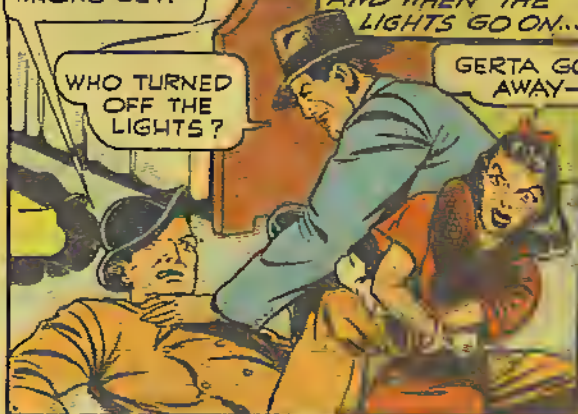
**A** FRENZIED MOMENT,  
A SCREAM, A  
STRUGGLE IN THE  
BLACKNESS OF THE  
UNLIGHTED ROOM...  
AND WHEN THE  
LIGHTS GO ON...

WHO TURNED  
OFF THE  
LIGHTS?

GERTA GOT  
AWAY—!

I DUNNO WHO TURNED 'EM OFF!  
I JUST TURNED 'EM ON! WE  
GOT A CALL FROM HEADQUARTERS.  
FRANK BRENNER REGISTERED WITH  
CENTURY AIR LINES AT 3.23 THIS  
AFTERNOON FOR A  
FLIGHT TO CHICAGO!

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK! HE DID  
NOTHING OF  
THE KIND!



TAKE A  
LOOK AT  
**THAT!**

OH-OH! THIS CONFIRMS  
THE 'SUSPICIONS' I'VE  
HAD ALL ALONG! NOW  
WE KNOW WHO THE DEAD  
MAN IS — AND WHO  
KILLED HIM!

COME ON!  
WE CAN  
GET HIM!

RIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
DARLING!

SAY, WHAT COOKS  
HERE? LEMME SEE  
THAT PICTURE!  
**HEYyyy!**





YOU'RE  
THE MAN  
WE WANT,  
**CARNEY!**

YOU KILLED THE MAN  
INSIDE... HAMMERED  
HIS HEAD... ACID-  
DIPPED HIS  
FINGERPRINTS!



I FIRST SUSPECTED HIM WHEN HE USED  
**GRESOLVENT** TO WASH HIS HANDS!  
NO HOTEL DETECTIVE DOES WORK RE-  
QUIRING THAT INSTEAD OF SOAP! WHY DID  
HE USE IT? BECAUSE HE HAD  
**FRESH PAINT** ON HIS HANDS!  
HE HAD TO WASH IT OFF!

THE PAINT HE  
GOT ON WHEN  
HE TOUCHED  
THE WALL OF  
THE FRESHLY-  
PAINTED  
ROOM!



HE TOLD ME ONLY THE  
HOTEL MANAGER COULD GET  
INTO THE VAULT—YET HE  
HIMSELF LET ME IN!  
**HE** ROBBED THE  
VAULT... WAS DIS-  
COVERED BY FRANK  
BRENNER! THEN HE  
HAD TO KILL HIM TO  
SAVE HIMSELF A  
PRISON STRETCH!

HE WENT AND SIGNED  
BRENNER'S NAME TO  
THE PLANE COMPANY  
BOOK! HE HAD TO DO  
THAT—BECAUSE  
**BRENNER** IS THE  
DEAD MAN! HE TRIED  
TO MAKE IT SEEM THAT  
BRENNER HAD RUN  
AWAY!

WE OVERHEARD WHAT  
YOU SAID, MISS SUE.  
I FOUND MR. BRENNER'S  
GUN IN 411... TOOK IT  
AND GAVE IT TO GERTA...  
WE WERE AFRAID MR.  
BRENNER MIGHT BE  
SUSPECTED...

I—I GUESS I  
WAS FOOLISH!  
I—LOST MY  
HEAD. I'M  
SORRY!



YOU SEE, I HEARD FRANK AND CARNEY  
QUARRELING! I WAS AFRAID CARNEY MIGHT  
PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES! I HAD TO  
DO SOMETHING DESPERATE TO—ATTRACT  
YOUR ATTENTION!

NOT ~~THAT~~ DESPERATE,  
HONEY. THERE WAS  
ENOUGH KILLING  
AROUND HERE  
TODAY WITHOUT  
ADDING TO THE  
TOTAL!



AND WE  
STILL DON'T  
HAVE A  
ROOM!

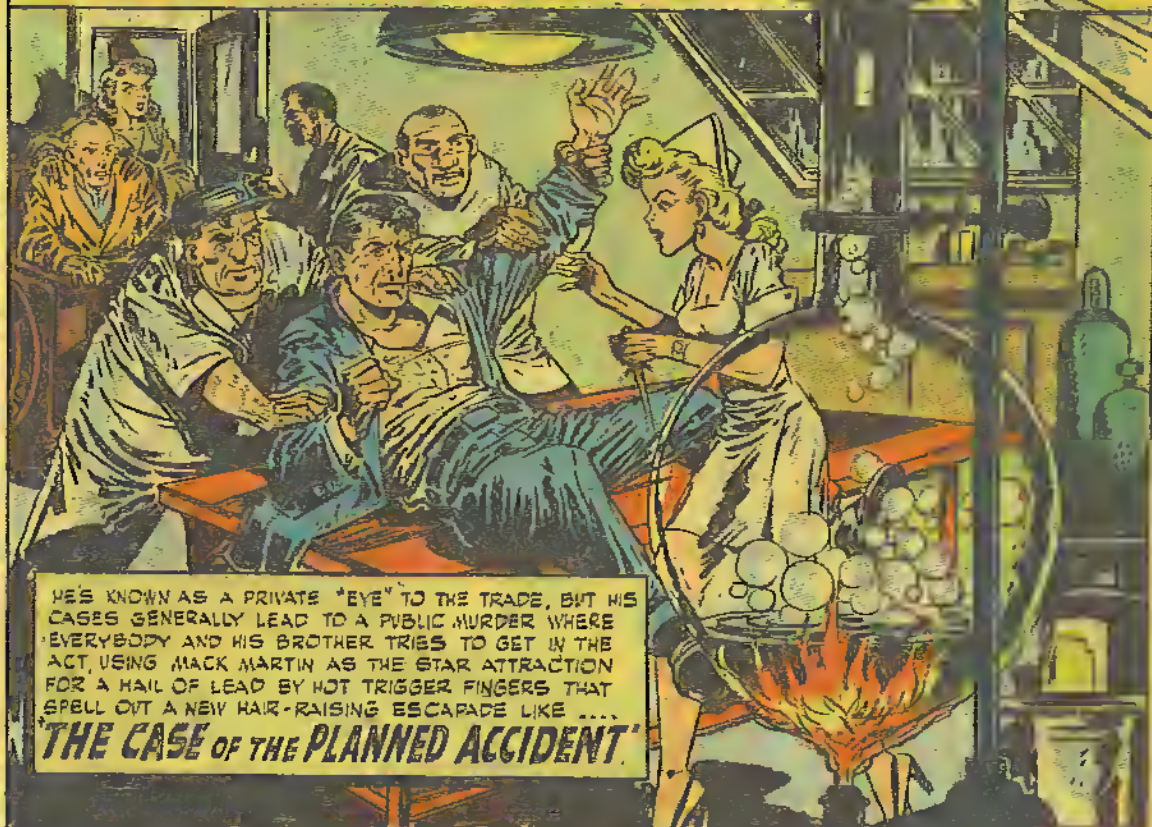
LET'S GO HOME,  
DARLING... BEFORE  
WE WALK INTO ANOTHER  
HOTEL AND SOMEBODY  
ELSE HEAVES A CORPSE  
AT US...





# MACK MARTIN

## PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR



ALL IS QUIET IN MACK MARTIN'S OFFICE ....  
TOO QUIET...

LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING  
HAS COME TO A DEAD END,  
EH, GERTIE? HEY... THAT  
DRESS DOES THINGS FOR  
YOU! IS IT NEW?

NEW? I'VE BEEN  
WEARING THIS THING  
FOR SIX MONTHS!  
WHEN SOMETHING  
IS COOKING YOU  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
I'M ALIVE!

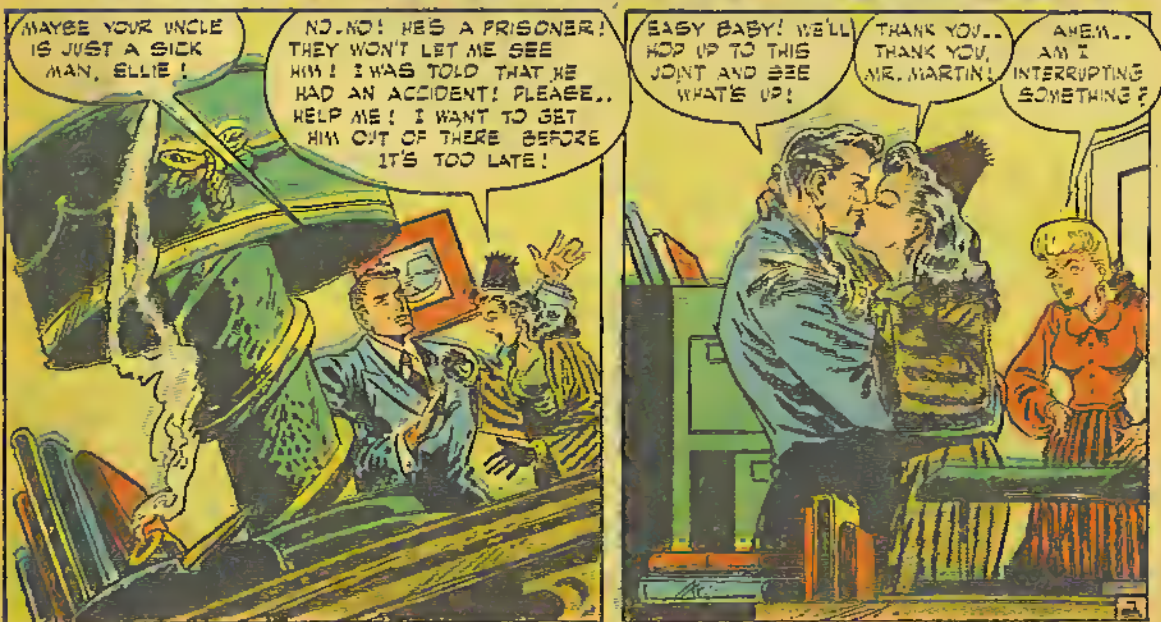
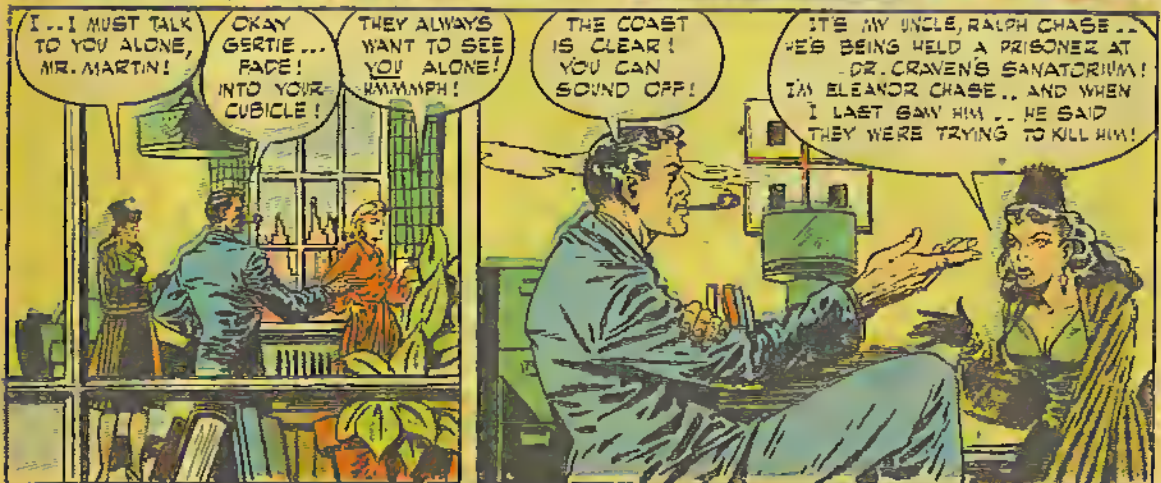


THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD  
IT'S SO QUIET MACK...  
EVEN IF IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'M NOT GOING TO  
GET PAID THIS  
WEEK!

AWWW - GERTIE...  
YOU KNOW I CARRY  
YOU WITH ME! WHAT  
WOULD I DO WITHOUT  
YOU IN THE OFFICE!  
YOU'RE MY GIRL,  
FRIDAY!











LOOKS LIKE I GOT ME A JOB, GERTIE! MAYBE YOU'RE GOING TO GET PAID THIS WEEK! TAKE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED!

YOU'RE JUST IRRESISTIBLE, MACK!



AT DR. CRAVEN'S SANATORIUM...

THIS IS IT, MR. MARTIN!

WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS NOW, HONEY. YOU CAN CALL ME MACK! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT COOKS! DON'T LET ON WHO I AM.



I'M BACK AGAIN, DR. CRAVEN... AND I INSIST ON SEEING MY UNCLE!

WHY OF COURSE, MY DEAR! I REPRIMANDING MY HELP FOR TURNING YOU AWAY LAST TIME, BUT THEY THOUGHT THAT IN VIEW OF HIS ACCIDENT...! TCH, TCH... MOST UNFORTUNATE!



NURSE... TAKE THESE PEOPLE TO DR. CHASES ROOM!

MMMM... I'LL BE GLAD TO!



UNCLE! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ELEANOR! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! WHO IS THAT MAN?



HE'S A-A-FRIEND, UNCLE! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ALONE!

THAT'S YOUR EXIT CUE, NURSE! TA, TA!



THEY'RE HOLDING ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL! THREE DAYS AGO I HAD TO SIGN MY PAPERS TO GET MY RELEASE! I DID SIGN... AND SINCE THEN I'VE HAD ONE NARROW ESCAPE AFTER ANOTHER!

BUT YOUR FOOT...



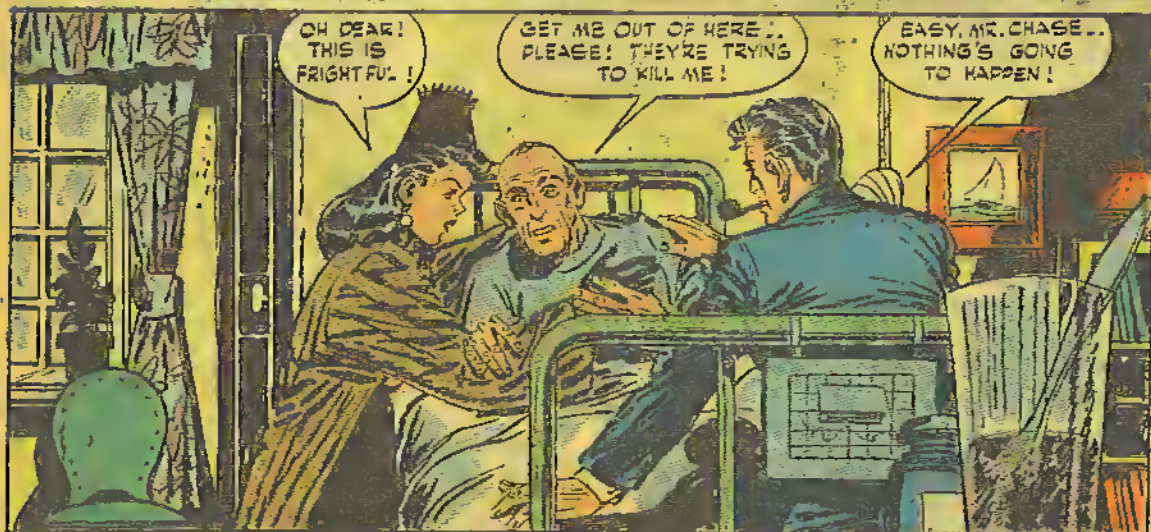
AFTER SIGNING THE PAPERS THEY SAID I COULD LEAVE! GOING DOWN THE STEPS I TRIPPED OVER A THIN WIRE WHICH HAD BEEN STRETCHED ACROSS THE LANDINGS! BY GRABBING THE BANNISTER I BROKE THE FALL AND SAVED MYSELF! BUT THEY PURPOSELY PUT THE WIRE THERE... I KNOW IT!



OH DEAR! THIS IS FRIGHTFUL!

GET ME OUT OF HERE!! PLEASE! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!

EASY, MR. CHASE... NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!



OH, MR. MARTIN! DR. CRAYEN WANTS TO SEE YOU!

COMING BABY!

ARE YOU HAPPY, NURSE?

I WASN'T UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP, HANDSOME!

AAAAH! THERE YOU ARE!

I SUPPOSE POOR MR. CHASE TOLD YOU HIS FAVORITE STORY, EH? HE THINKS WE'RE TRYING TO KILL HIM. POOR SOUL! BUT HE'S SUFFERING FROM A CASE OF PARANOIA... BELIEVES EVERYBODY IS PERSECUTING HIM! COULD BE DANGEROUS YOU KNOW! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO WATCH HIM!

OH, ONE OF THOSE CASES, EH?





HOWEVER, MR. CHASE IS BECOMING  
SOMETHING OF A HEADACHE TO  
US, SO YOU'D BE DOING US A  
FAVOR BY REMOVING HIM! HIS  
NIECE HAS ALL SORTS OF  
IDEAS, YOU KNOW!



I GUESS THAT  
SCREWY  
BUSINESS  
RUNS IN THE  
FAMILY! I  
THINK I'LL  
BLOW!

SEE THIS GENTLEMAN  
OUT, NURSE!

YES, DR.  
CRAVEN!



NOW HONEY, SUPPOSE YOU  
TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW  
I WAS MACK MARTIN! YOU  
'SAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN  
YOU CALLED ME BY NAME  
IN THE HOSPITAL  
ROOM!

ER...ER...I...  
I...I DID?



WHY EVERYBODY KNOWS MACK MARTIN,  
THE PRIVATE "EYE"! AND I ALWAYS  
WANTED TO MEET YOU!



AAAAAAA!



THEY DIDN'T OVER-  
RATE YOU AS A  
CHARM BOY, MACK!

AND THEY DIDN'T  
TEACH YOU TO KISS  
LIKE THAT IN SCHOOL!





A REAL LITTLE CUTIE, THAT BLONDE BOMBSHELL! I GUESS THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND AFTER ALL! CRAVEN AND NURSIE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF SMOOTH PLAYMATES WHO WERE A LITTLE TOO ANXIOUS TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!

MACK CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE WINDOW OF DR. CRAVEN.

HURRY, ELEANOR! HURRY... BEFORE THEY SEE US!

I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN, UNCLE!

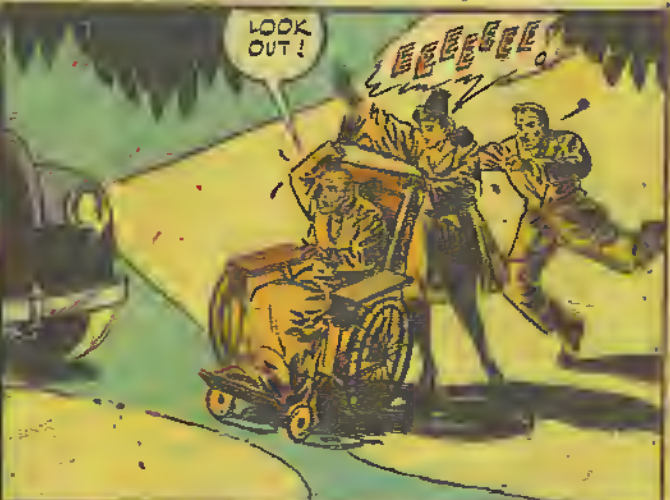
THE DAME IS TAKING THE OLD BOY OUT IN A WHEEL CHAIR, DOC!

GOOD! YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO! MAKE SURE IT LOOKS GOOD!



OH, OH... HERE COMES THE ACCIDENT!

LOOK OUT!

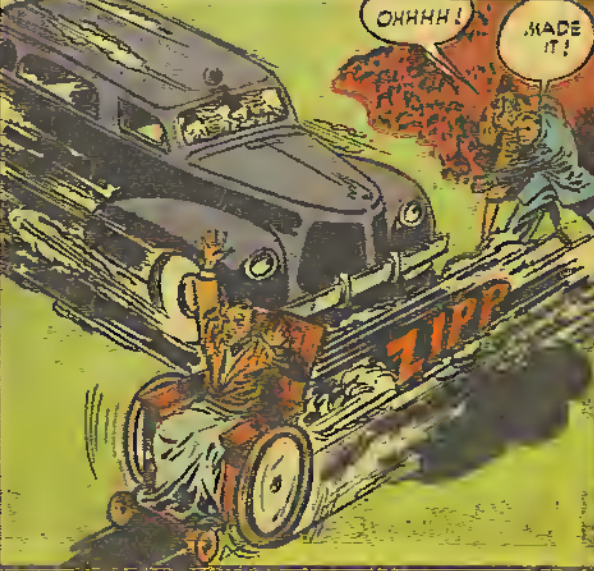


OHhhh!

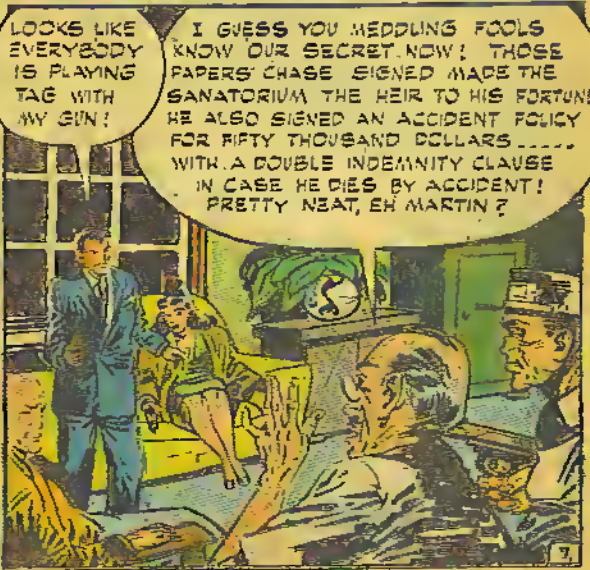
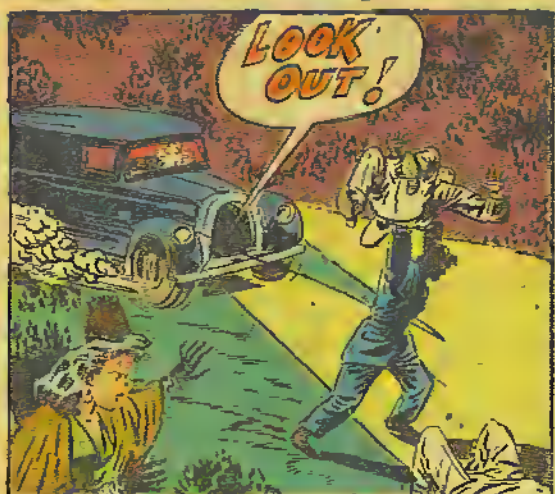
MADE IT!

IT'S THAT SMART PUNK! GET HIM... FAST!

STAND BY! THESE RATS MEAN BUSINESS!



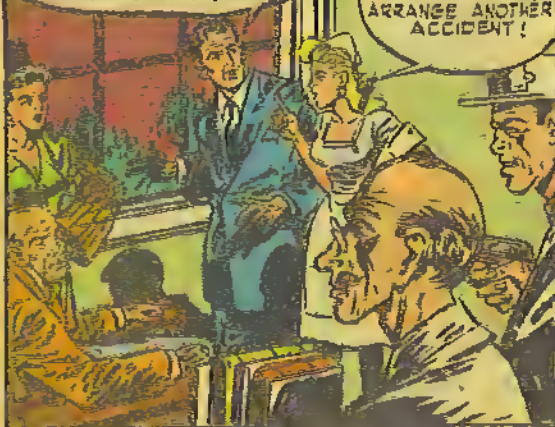






YOU CLUCKS ARE PEEETTY OBVIOUS  
WITH YOUR MURDER BUSINESS! -  
SIC THE BLONDE ON ME TO GET  
ME OUT OF THE PICTURE! YOU  
OUGHT TO TALK TO HER ABOUT  
CALLING ME BY MY NAME!  
A BAD SLIP!

SO WHAT,  
BRIGHT BOY,  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO LIVE  
TO TALK ABOUT  
IT... AND THEN  
WE'RE GOING TO  
ARRANGE ANOTHER  
ACCIDENT!



THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK, BABY...!



STOP  
HIM!

DO YOU SEE  
HIM? SHOOT!  
DON'T LET  
HIM...!

HERE I  
AM, SONNY!



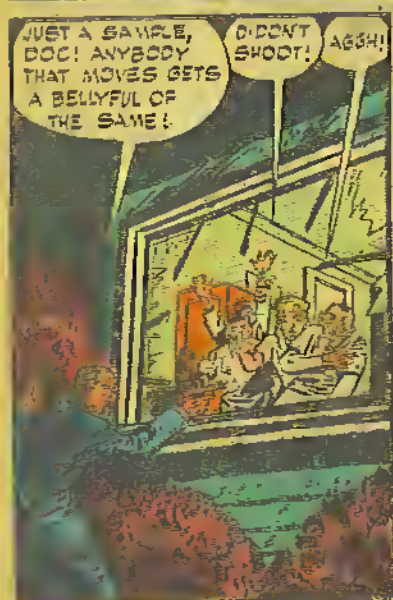
RELAX! I GOTTA  
BORROW THAT EOD  
OF YOURS!



JUST A SAMPLE,  
DOC! ANYBODY  
THAT MOVES GETS  
A BELLYFUL OF  
THE SAME!

D-DON'T  
SHOOT!

AGGH!



THE POLICE ARE SUMMONED  
AND QUICKLY TAKE OVER...

YOUR TROUBLES  
ARE OVER, HONEY!  
THE COPS WILL  
TAKE CARE OF  
THOSE  
CHARACTERS!

WE OWE  
EVERYTHING  
TO YOU, MR.  
MARTIN!  
YOU'RE  
GRAND!



HAHAHA!  
THIS IS  
WHERE I  
CAME IN!  
WHAT DID  
YOU WANT  
ME FOR,  
MACK?

HI GERTIE! I JUST  
CALLED TO TELL YOU I  
WONT BE BACK IN THE  
OFFICE! SWEETIE 'PIE  
AND WE ARE GOING OUT  
FOR A LITTLE  
CELEBRATION!





# HURRY-UP HARRIGAN

POLICE  
REPORTER



A man can only die once... but nobody wants to die if he can help it... not even a professional killer who has the tables turned and finds himself on the spot with Hurry-Up Harrigan, the ace reporter, to keep him company in a new headline hit that could be called... **"A ONE WAY RIDE!"**

## THE PRESS ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

"SO THE COPS PICK UP ROBB, THE UNDERWORLD BOSS, TO SEE IF HE'LL CONFESS TO SENDING HIS HOODS OUT TO PLUG INSPECTOR CLAYTON FOR SMASHING RACKETS! WHAT A LAUGH!"

BUT EVERYBODY KNOWS HIS TRIGGER MAN, FENNER, BUMPED THE INSPECTOR! ROBB'S GOT A PERFECT ALIBI... AND NOBODY KNOWS WHERE FENNER IS... SO WE SIT AROUND WAITING!

YATATA-YATTATA! ALL I HEAR AROUND HERE IS PLENTY OF WIND!





I NEED SOME DIVERSION AND A CUTE LITTLE CHICK WOULD BE JUST THE THING! AHH... A GIRL... A FEMALE...!

... AND WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, HARRIGAN?

YOU! FAUGH—!



WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?

NOW TAKE IT EASY, MABEL—I WAS ONLY KIDDING!



HARRIGAN'S THE NAME, HONEY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING...I GOT ALL THE ANSWERS!

I'M YOUR MAN, CUTIE! STAY AWAY FROM THAT WOLF!



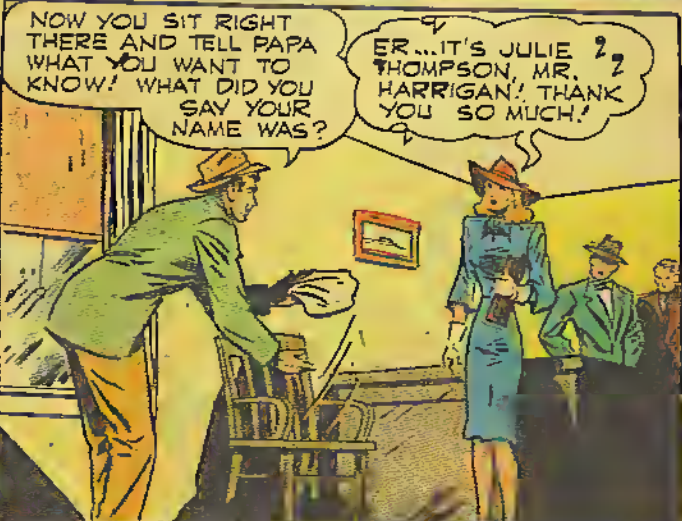
HEY, FELLAS...THIS LADY IS WRITING AN ARTICLE ON HOW YOU POLICE REPORTERS WORK! SHE WANTS SOME INFO!

WELL-L-L... SHOOT HER IN!



NOW YOU SIT RIGHT THERE AND TELL PAPA WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW! WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

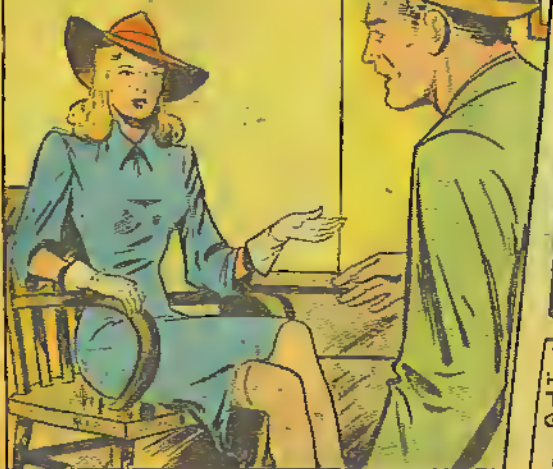
ER...IT'S JULIE THOMPSON, MR. HARRIGAN! THANK YOU SO MUCH!





WELL...I...I'M SORT OF FLUSTERED! I... I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?

STAND BACK...GIVE HER ROOM/WATER?



HERE I AM WITH A BOTTLE OF COKE.../HEY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?



"TAKE YOUR TIME HARRIGAN! WE'RE TAKING THE LITTLE GIRL OUT FOR SOME REAL REFRESHMENT! HA/HA/" WHY, THE HEELS! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!



WHAT A BREAK! I FIND MYSELF A CUTE TRICK AND THOSE MONKEYS HAVE TO HORN IN...!



THE COPS! I WANNA SEE THE COPS! I'M READY TO "SING!"

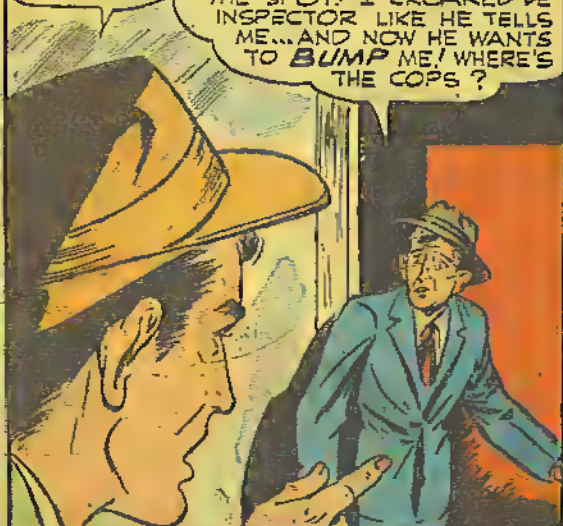


HUH?



IT... IT'S FENNER!

DON'T LET 'EM GET ME! THE BIG BOY HAS PUT ME ON THE SPOT! I CROAKED DE INSPECTOR LIKE HE TELLS ME...AND NOW HE WANTS TO BUMP ME! WHERE'S THE COPS?





I'LL CONFESS...  
I'LL TALK! I  
DID THE JOB!  
BUT ROBB  
GAVE ME OR-  
DERS! NOW HE  
WANTS TO KILL  
ME!

IF I CAN  
GET THIS GUY  
WHERE HE CAN  
CONFESS TO THE  
PAPER! WHAT  
A STORY!

EASY,  
FENNER!  
I'LL HELP  
YOU!

THEY'RE  
COMING  
BACK!

GET IN THERE,  
FENNER... AND  
KEEP QUIET!

I HEAR  
SOMEBODY  
COMING!

PUT  
THOSE  
CLOTHES ON!  
DISGUISE YOUR-  
SELF AS A  
CLEANING  
WOMAN!

I'LL DO  
WHAT YOU SAY...  
BUT DON'T LET  
'EM KILL ME!

HI, HARRIGAN! SORRY WE  
DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT  
FOR YOU... BUT JULIE WAS  
VERY THIRSTY! HEH, HEH!

NO HARD  
FEELINGS,  
FELLAS!

I KNOW YOU  
MUST THINK I'M  
VERY RUDE, MR.  
HARRIGAN, BUT  
THE BOYS IN-  
SISTED! I DIDN'T  
WANT TO LEAVE!

FORGET IT, JULIE!  
IT'S A GOOD THING  
SOMEBODY WAS  
AROUND HERE! ONE  
OF THE CLEANING  
WOMEN GOT VERY  
SICK AND I HAD  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
HER!

WHAT A NOBLE-  
SOUL! WHERE  
IS SHE,  
HARRIGAN?

I PUT HER IN THE  
CLOSET! I FIGURED  
IT'D BE A NICE PLACE  
FOR HER TO REST!

THE  
CLOSET?



FEELING BETTER?  
MAYBE YOU BETTER  
COME OUT HERE  
AND SIT DOWN!

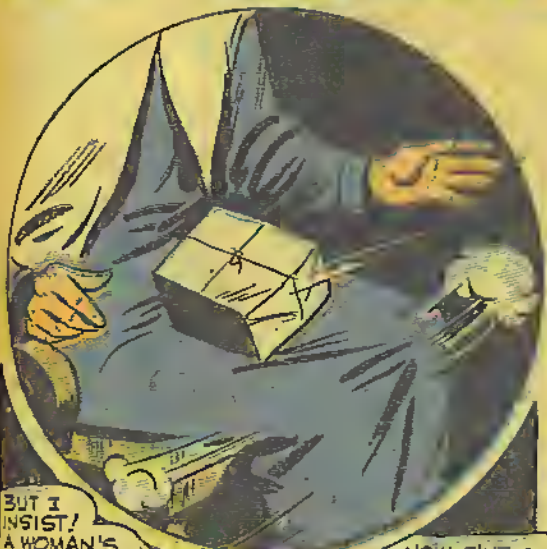


OKAY, GRANDMA! I'LL  
TAKE YOU HOME NOW!  
GET YOUR STUFF  
TOGETHER!



IS  
*THIS*  
YOURS?

HEY-THAT'S  
MY  
LUNCH!



BUT I  
INSIST!  
A WOMAN'S  
TOUCH, YOU  
KNOW!

I THINK I'LL GO  
ALONG AND GIVE  
YOU A HAND,  
MR. HARRIGAN!

FORGET IT HONEY! I  
CAN TAKE CARE OF  
HER MYSELF!



NOW I'VE SEEN  
EVERYTHING!  
HARRIGAN  
TRYING TO  
GET RID OF A  
DISH LIKE THAT  
TO TAKE GRAND-  
MA HOME!

WELL-OKAY,  
JULIE! LET'S  
GET GOING!

THERE'S SOMETHING  
SCREWY ABOUT ALL  
THIS! I WISH I  
KNEW WHAT!

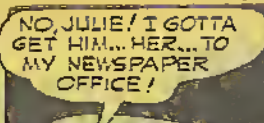




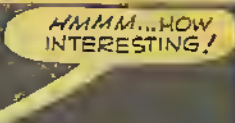


WAIT'LL I  
GET A  
CAB!

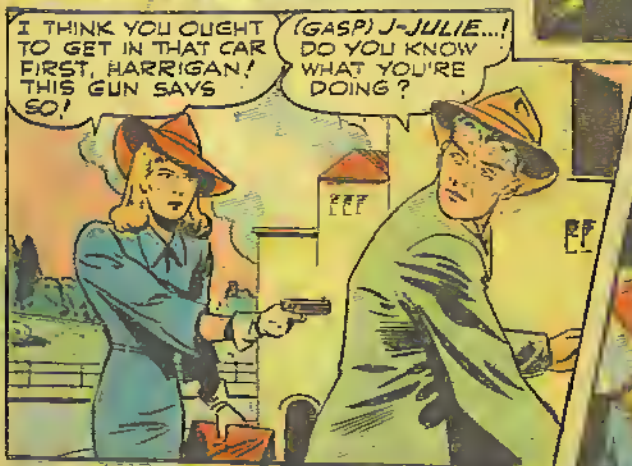
DON'T BOTHER!  
I HAVE MY CAR  
HERE! THERE  
IT IS!



NO, JULIE! I GOTTA  
GET HIM... HER... TO  
MY NEWSPAPER  
OFFICE!

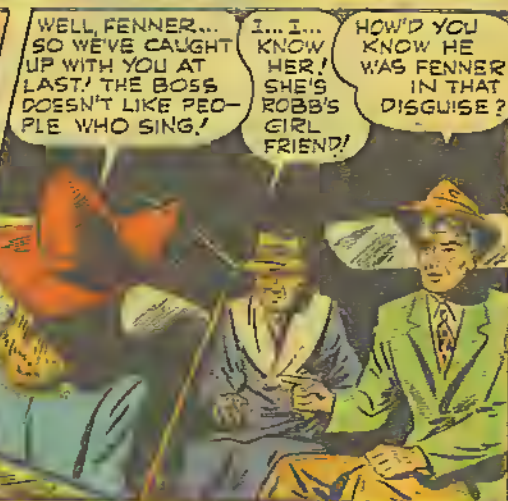


HMMM...HOW  
INTERESTING!



I THINK YOU OUGHT  
TO GET IN THAT CAR  
FIRST, HARRIGAN!  
THIS GUN SAYS  
SO!

(GASP) J-JULIE...!  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING?



WELL, FENNER...  
SO WE'VE CAUGHT  
UP WITH YOU AT  
LAST! THE BOSS  
DOESN'T LIKE PEOP-  
LE WHO SING!

I... I...  
KNOW  
HER!  
SHE'S  
ROBB'S  
GIRL  
FRIEND!

HOW'D YOU  
KNOW HE  
WAS FENNER  
IN THAT  
DISGUISE?



CATCHING THAT BOX IN  
HIS LAP GAVE HIM AWAY!  
WHEN A WOMAN WANTS  
TO CATCH SOMETHING  
THAT WAY, SHE SPREADS  
HER SKIRT OUT! HE  
BROUGHT HIS LEGS TO-  
GETHER AS MEN DO!

TH-THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
KILL ME...!



THAT'S RIGHT, FENNER!  
WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU  
-AND BRIGHT BOY HERE!  
HE WAS TOO CUTE FOR  
HIS OWN GOOD!

M-ME?



THIS BETTER  
WORK OR I'M  
A DEAD DUCK!

NO FUNNY  
STUFF  
HARRIGAN!



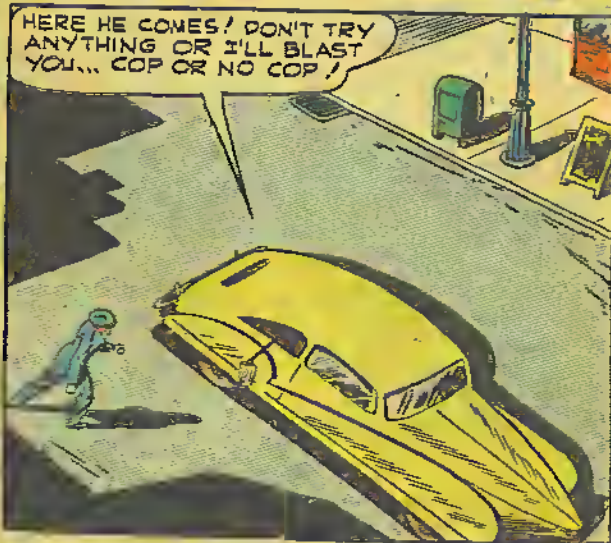
THE  
COP'S  
WHISTLING  
FOR US TO  
STOP, JULIE!

HMM... OKAY!  
STOP THE CAR!  
I DON'T WANT  
HIM TO GET  
SUSPICIOUS!

TWEEEE!



HERE HE COMES! DON'T TRY  
ANYTHING OR I'LL BLAST  
YOU... COP OR NO COP!



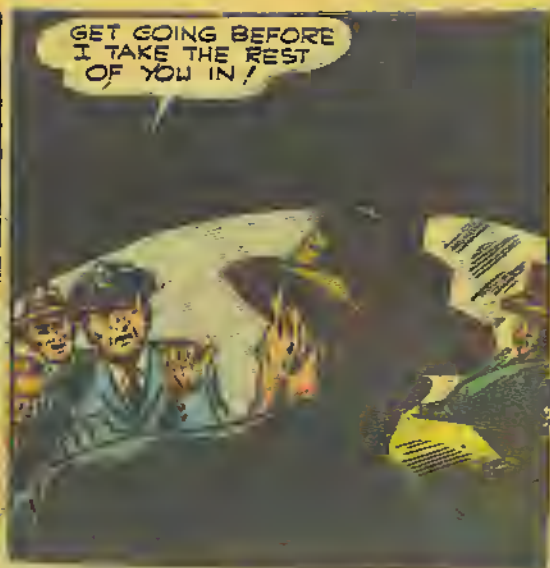
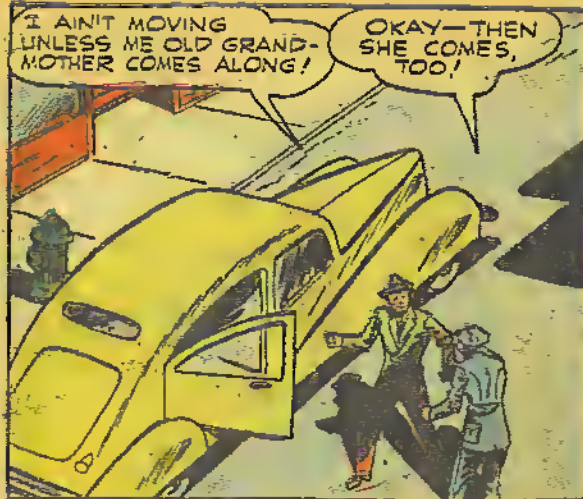
WHA...!? GET OUT OF  
THERE, WISE GUY, YER  
UNDER ARREST!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA RUHNING  
AROUND WITH THIS MOP STICKING  
OUT? DO YOU WANNA HURT  
SOMEBODY?

AHH... YER  
FATHER'S  
MUSTACHE!









**MINUTES LATER AT THE DAILY BLADE...**

OKAY, HARRIGAN! I KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN! WHERE'S FENNER?

STAY RIGHT HERE OFFICER! I'LL HAVE HIM FOR YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!

HARRIGAN!



WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN IN THE PRESS ROOM, YOU CLUCK! THAT FENNER STORY MAY BREAK WIDE OPEN AND YOU COME IN HERE WITH SOMEBODY'S GRANDMOTHER! AND WHAT'S THAT JOHN LAW DOING OUT THERE?

STOP YOUR PRESSES! I GOT A BOMB-SHELL FOR YOU!



I GIVE YOU FENNER—IN PERSON!

FEN...! YIPES!



STOP THE PRESSES! STOP THEM! CLEAR THE FIRST THREE COLUMNS! STAND BY!

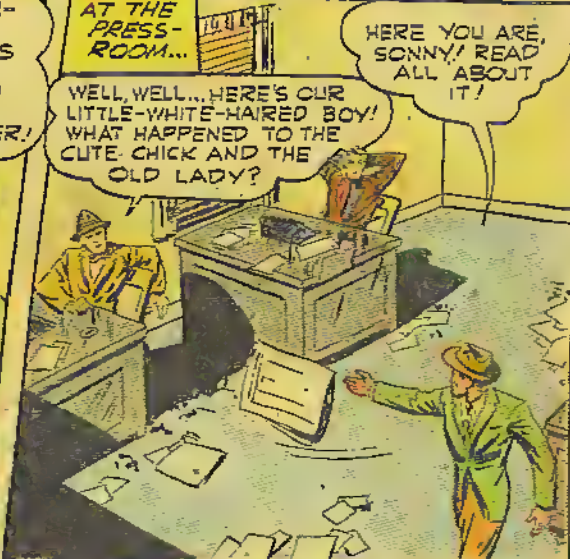
HE'S GOING TO CONFESS TO THE DAILY BLADE AND TELL US HOW HE KILLED INSPECTOR CLAYTON ON ROBB'S ORDERS! START TALKING, FENNER!



LATER... BACK AT THE PRESS-ROOM...

WELL, WELL... HERE'S OUR LITTLE-WHITE-HAIRED BOY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CUTE CHICK AND THE OLD LADY?

HERE YOU ARE, SONNY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!



HE SNEAKED FENNER OUT FROM UNDER OUR NOSE! MURDER HIM!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET A CHICK LIKE JULIE PUT YOU INTO A TAILSPIN INSTEAD OF TENDING TO BUSINESS LIKE ME!





# MR. RISK

High in the air above gasping thousands in the Big Tent, the aerial artists challenge Death; avoiding his clutching, boney fingers by sheer muscle and ice-cold nerve! But—when a human fiend tempts the Man With the Scythe into the breach steps *MR. RISK*, who stakes his very life on his ability to solve the riddle of the circus curse... and defeat—

## "THE MAN WHO FED DEATH"



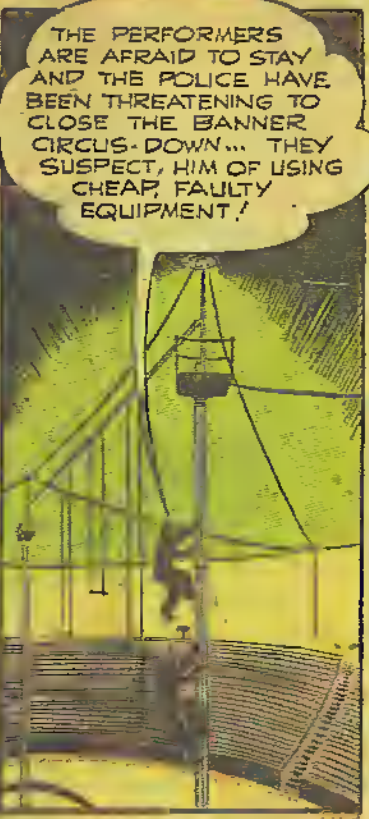
MADRID AND BONITO, TIGHTROPE SPECIALISTS ARE PERFORMING THEIR DIFFICULT HIGHWIRE WRESTLING ACT...



SUDDENLY, TWO FEET SLIP CLEAR OF THE WIRE...

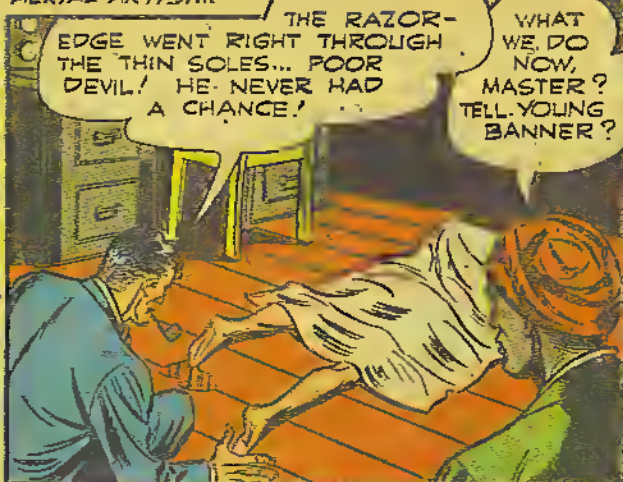






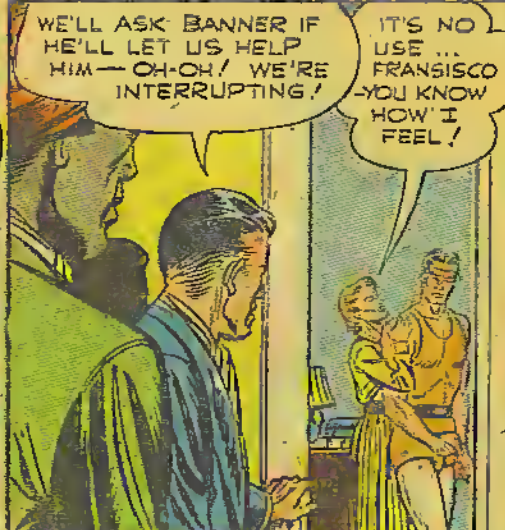


IN THE GLOOMY DRESSING ROOM OF THE DEAD AERIAL ARTIST...



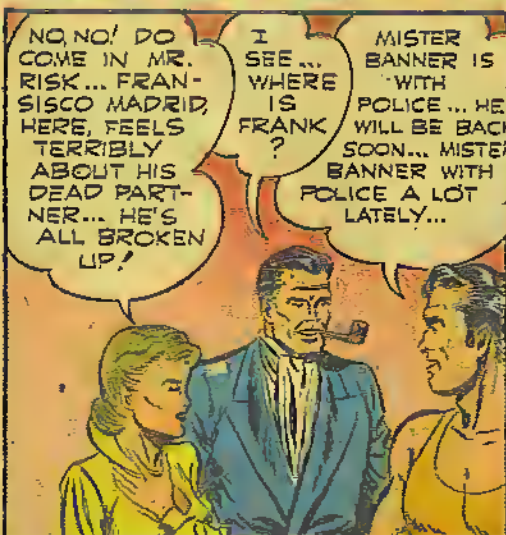
THE RAZOR-EDGE WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE THIN SOLES... POOR DEVIL! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

WHAT WE DO NOW, MASTER? TELL YOUNG BANNER?



WE'LL ASK BANNER IF HE'LL LET US HELP HIM—OH-OH! WE'RE INTERRUPTING!

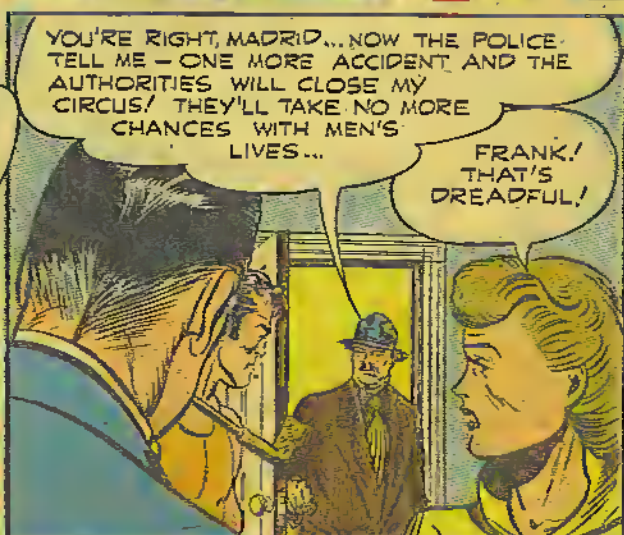
IT'S NO USE... FRANCISCO—YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL!



NO, NO! DO COME IN MR. RISK... FRANCISCO MADRID, HERE, FEELS TERRIBLY ABOUT HIS DEAD PARTNER... HE'S ALL BROKEN UP!

I SEE... WHERE IS FRANK?

MISTER BANNER IS WITH POLICE... HE WILL BE BACK SOON... MISTER BANNER WITH POLICE A LOT LATELY...



YOU'RE RIGHT, MADRID... NOW THE POLICE TELL ME—ONE MORE ACCIDENT AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL CLOSE MY CIRCUS! THEY'LL TAKE NO MORE CHANCES WITH MEN'S LIVES...

FRANK! THAT'S DREADFUL!



MAYBE CIRCUS OWNER TOO SMART... NOT GET CAUGHT WITH BAD STUFF, EH? BAD WIRE CHEAPER THAN GOOD WIRE!

WHY, YOU—



I'VE TAKEN ALL THE INSINUATIONS AND INSULTS FROM YOU THAT I'M GOING TO TAKE...



MAYBE TRUTH HURT, HUH? LIKE MY FIST...!

BREAK IT UP!



RISK, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! YOU HEARD WHAT MADRID SAYS... ALL THE PERFORMERS ARE SAYING THE SAME THING! BUT I BUY ONLY THE BEST EQUIPMENT...

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!



OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, FRANK! ABDUL AND I WILL GO OVER EVERYTHING WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB...

POOR DARLING... AS LONG AS MR. RISK IS GOING TO HELP, WHY NOT LET HIM SEE THOSE THREATENING LETTERS YOU'VE RECEIVED?

YES, GIVE THEM TO HIM!



HERE THEY ARE!

HMM... MIGHTY INTERESTING! AS A MATTER OF FACT... THEY GIVE ME A RATHER IMPORTANT CLUE...



THAT NIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE CREEPS BETWEEN TRUNKS AND COSTUMES...

GOT TO SEARCH TRUNKS... FIND WHAT MASTER NEEDS...!



CAUGHT YOU!



HOW MUCH BANNER PAY YOU, BIG BOY? T'INK I CUT YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!





THE GIANT BEDOUIN WHIRLS AND CATCHES MADRID IN A WRESTLING HOLD...

MASTER SAY NOT HURT ANYONE! BUT I JUST TEST MY MUSCLES — LIKE THIS!

LET GO... Y-YOU FOOL! YOU'LL ... KILL ME!



NOW, TO SEE MASTER — TELL HIM WHAT I HAVE LEARNED!



LATER

HERE KNIFE AND LETTERS ABDUL FIND IN MADRID'S TRUNK!

GOOD WORK, ABDUL... HMM... THESE SEEM TO BE JUST WHAT WE NEED!



NEXT DAY...

I WON'T DO IT, BANNER! I TELL YOU I'LL QUIT BEFORE I'LL GO UP ON THAT HIGH WIRE! LET MADRID RISK HIS NECK... I WON'T! NOT EVEN A SAFETY NET!

BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON! WE NEED A PARTNER FOR MADRID!



NOBODY'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO GO UP THERE! ANOTHER ACCIDENT COULD HAPPEN, ANYTIME! FORGET THE HIGH-WIRE STUFF! IT'S TOO GREAT A RISK!



I'LL TAKE THAT RISK! LET ME GO UP ON THE HIGH WIRE!

THAT FINE, RISK... I LIKE VER! MUCH TO HAVE YOU UP THERE WITH ME! WE HAVE GOOD WRESTLING MATCH — YOU AND ME...!





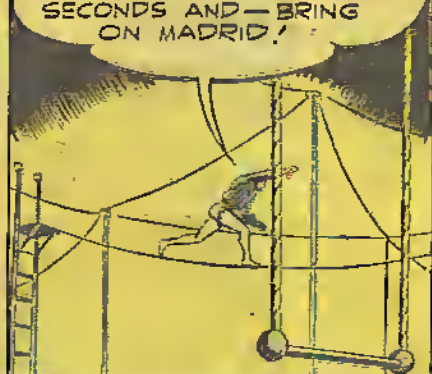
I WON'T LET YOU! THAT ACT WORKS WITHOUT A SAFETY NET!

DON'T BE SILLY, FRANK... REMEMBER—I USED TO BE ON THE HIGH WIRES A FEW YEARS BACK... I CAN HANDLE MYSELF!

I GO—MAKE READY!

FAR UP TO THE TOP OF THE BIG TENT GOES MR. RISK...

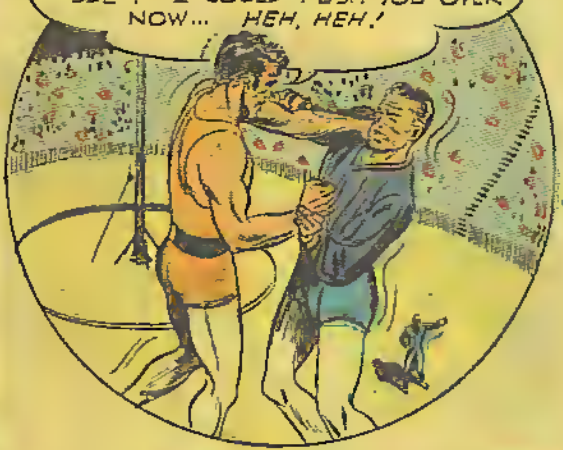
IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME... MY SENSE OF BALANCE... HOW TO CONTROL MY MUSCLES... A FEW MORE SECONDS AND—BRING ON MADRID!



NOW, YOU AND I—AND ONLY ONE OF US—WILL COME OUT ALIVE, MR. RISK!

FEEL PRETTY CONFIDENT, DON'T YOU?

AM CONFIDENT! AM GREATEST AERIAL ARTIST ALIVE! YOU SEE? I COULD PUSH YOU OVER NOW... HEH, HEH!



I WANT TO TELL YOU FIRST, THAT I KILL ACROBATS! YOU SEND ABDUL SEARCH MY TRUNK! BUT YOU NEVER LIVE TO TALK!

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!

HA! HA! HOW YOU FEEL NOW, RISK? HA! HA! HA!

NOW IS TIME FOR YOU TO—**DIE!**





RISK'S  
HAND  
FLASHES  
IN  
MIDAIR,  
CATCHES  
HOLD  
OF  
THE  
WIRE! HIS  
OTHER  
HAND  
SLAMS  
INTO  
MADRID'S  
ANKLE...  
DESTROYS  
HIS  
BALANCE!

SUPPOSE YOU  
COME DOWN  
HERE!

NO! NO!  
I BE  
KILLED!



THE FALLING MURDERER MAKES  
A DESPERATE GRASP FOR MR. RISK'S  
FOOT... CATCHES HOLD... TIGHT!

TAKE IT EASY, FRANCISCO! THE  
NET WILL BE UNDER US IN A  
JIFFY AND WE CAN MAKE THE  
TRIP DOWN TOGETHER!

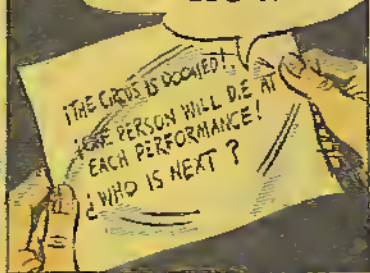


LATER

ABDUL FOUND THE  
KNIFE AND LETTERS  
IN MADRID'S TRUNK!  
HE USED IT TO SLICE  
THE WIRE AND INSERT  
THE RAZOR BLADES... THE  
LETTERS ARE FROM A RIVAL  
CIRCUS, OFFERING MADRID  
MONEY TO BREAK UP THE  
BANNER CIRCUS!



MADRID LOVED GWEN!  
HE THOUGHT THAT BY  
MAKING FRANK QUIT,  
AND GETTING THE PER-  
FORMERS TO GO TO THE  
RIVAL CIRCUS, GWEN  
WOULD LEAVE FRANK  
AND MARRY HIM! BUT,  
THE SPANISH PUNCTUATION  
GAVE HIM AWAY...  
LOOK!



I'M GRATEFUL,  
MR. RISK...  
YOU SAVED  
MY CIRCUS  
AND  
MAYBE  
—MY  
GWEN!

WELL,  
THAT  
WAS  
WORTH  
TAKING A  
RISK FOR,  
EH, FRANK?



# SUR-PRIZE CONTEST

- 1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE . . \$ 15<sup>00</sup>
- 2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE . . \$ 5<sup>00</sup>
- 3<sup>RD</sup> PRIZE . . \$ 3<sup>00</sup>
- 4<sup>TH</sup> PRIZE . . \$ 2<sup>00</sup>

WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST  
A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE  
THAN 50 WORDS TELLING US  
WHICH CHARACTER IN SUPER-  
MYSTERY COMICS YOU LIKE BEST,  
SECOND BEST, THIRD BEST—AND WHY.

SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO  
LATER THAN AUGUST 1, 1948, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND  
ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES  
WILL BE AWARDED. **DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!**  
SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS-23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y. 19, N.Y.C.



FULL 48 PAGES

JULY

# SUPER MYSTERY COMICS

VER NUMBER'S  
UP, BERT AND SUE  
AND NOBODY WILL  
EVER KNOW WE  
DID IT!

DON'T BE TOO  
SURE, KILLER!  
YOU HAVEN'T  
RECKONED WITH  
THE  
UNKNOWN!

BIG  
CASH  
PRIZES

SEE LAST  
PAGE